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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

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A Tale. To Chlorinda. By the Same.

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One way or other still devis'd,
 To let him see he was despis'd:
 And when he plum'd, and grew most proud,
 All was a vapour, all a cloud.



A TALE. TO CHLORINDA,

By the Same.

DAME Venus, a daughter of Jove's,
 And amongst all his daughters most fair,
 Lost, it seems, t' other day the two doves,
 That wafte'd her car thro' the air.

The dame made a heavy sad rout,
 Ran about heav'n and earth to condole 'em;
 And sought high and low to find out,
 Where the biddyes were fray'd, or who stole 'em.

To the God, who the stragglers shou'd meet,
 She promis'd most tempting fine pay,
 Six kisses than honey more sweet,
 And a seventh far sweeter than they.

The proposal no sooner was made,
 But it put all the Gods in a flame;
 For who wou'd not give all he had
 To be kifs'd by so dainty a dame.



To Cyprus, to Paphos they run,
 Where the Goddeſs oft us'd to retire ;
 Some rode round the world with the fun,
 And ſearch'd every country and ſhire.

But with all their hard running and riding,
 Not a God of 'em claim'd the reward ;
 For no one cou'd tell tale or tiding,
 If the doves were alive or were ſtarv'd.

At laſt the fly ſhooter of men
 Young Cupid, (I beg the God's pardon)
 Mamma, your blue birds I have ſeen
 In a certain terreſtrial garden.

Where, where, my dear child, quickly ſhew,
 Quoth the dame, almoſt out of her wits :
 Do but go to Chlorinda's, ſays Cu,
 And you'll find 'em in ſhape of pewits.

Is it ſhe that hath done me this wrong ?
 Full well I know her, and her arts ;
 She has follow'd the thieving trade long,
 But I thought ſhe dealt only in hearts.

I ſhall ſoon make her know, ſo I ſhall —
 And with that to Jove's palace ſhe run,
 And began like a bedlam to bawl,
 I am cheated, I'm robb'd, I'm undone.

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Chlorinda,



Chlorinda, whom none can approach
 Without losing his heart or his senses,
 Has stol'n the two doves from my coach,
 And now flaunts it at Venus' expences.

She has chang'd the poor things to pewits,
 And keeps 'em like ord'nary fowls :
 So when she robs men of their wits,
 She turns 'em to asses or owls.

I cou'd tell you of many a hundred
 Of figure, high station, and means,
 Whom she without mercy has plunder'd,
 Ever since she came into her teens.

But her thefts upon earth I'd have borne,
 Or have let 'em all pass for mere fable ;
 But nothing will now serve her turn,
 But the doves out of Venus's stable.

Is it fit, let your mightyship say,
 That I, like some pitiful flirt,
 Shou'd tarry within doors all day,
 Or else trudge it afoot in the dirt ?

Is it fit that a mortal shou'd trample
 On me who am styl'd queen of beauty ?
 O make her, great Jove, an example,
 And teach Nimble-fingers her duty.

Sir Jove when he heard her thus rage,
 For all his great gravity, finil'd ;
 And then, like a judge wife and fage,
 He began in terms sober and mild.

Learn, daughter, to bridle your tongue,
 Forbear to traduce with your prattle
 The fair, who has done you no wrong,
 And scorns to purloin goods and chattel.

She needs neither gewgaw, nor trinket,
 To carry the world all before her ;
 Her deserts, I wou'd have you to think it,
 Are enough to make all men adore her.

Your doves are clop'd, I confefs,
 And chuse with Chlorinda to dwell ;
 But blame not the lady for this ;
 For sure 'tis no crime to excel.

As for them, I applaud their high aims ;
 Having serv'd from the time of their birth
 The fairest of heavenly dames,
 They would now serve the fairest on earth.

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